

A 98

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING.

My Nannie, O.

Shannon's Flow'ry Banks.

O'er the moor among the Heather,

Can you to the Battle.

Lillies of the valley.

The Honours of War.





(2)

My Nannie O,

BEHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows
Are moors and mosses mony, O;
The wintry sun the day has clos'd
And I'll away to Nannie. O.
The whistling wind blows loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk an' rainy O,
But I'll tak' my plead an' out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming sweet an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nanny, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O,

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O,
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome to my Nannie, O.
My riches a' my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O,
But warldly gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view,
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O,

But I'm as b'ryth that hauds his plough,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O,
 Come weel, come woe, I care nae by,
 I'll tak' what heaven will fend me, O.
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But to live and love my Nannie, O.

Shannon's Flow'ry Banks.

IN summer when leaves were green,
 And blossom, deck'd each tree,,
 Young teddy then declar'd his love
 His artless love to me ;
 On Shannon's flowery banks we sat,
 And there he told his tale--
 Oh Patty softest of thy sex,
 Oh let fond love prevail !
 Oh well a-day, you see me pine,
 In sorrow and despair,
 Let heed me not, then let me die,
 And end my grief and care.--
 Oh ! no dear youth, I softly said,
 Such love demands my thanks,
 And here I vow eternal truth,
 On Shannons flowry banks.

And then we gather'd sweetest flowers,
 And play'd such artless pranks,
 'Till woe is me the press-gang came,
 And forc'd my Ted away,

Just when we nam'd next morning fair,
 To be our wedding day,
 My love he cry'd, they force me hence,
 But still my heart is thine;
 All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
 While war and toil is mine;
 With riches I'll return to thee—
 I sob'd out words of thanks—
 And then he vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannons' flow'ry banks,
 And then I saw him sail away,
 And join the hostile ranks,
 From morn to eve for twelve dull months,
 His absence sad I mourn'd,
 The peace was made--the ship came back
 But Teddy ne'er return'd,
 His beauteous face, his manly form,
 Has won a noble fair,
 My Teddy's false ynd I forlorn,
 Must die in sad despair,
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid,
 While you stand round in ranks,
 And plant a willow o'er my head,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

O'er the Moor among the Heather.

A S I went up yon kenny mountains,
 Through among the bloomy heather,
 There I espied a bonny Lass
 Was gathering of her flocks together.

CHORUS

O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 There I espied a bonny Lass,
 Was gathering of her flocks together.

O where is thy lane sae far fra hame,
 I spier'd at her what was the radder,
 She said I tend the fleecy flocks,
 That rove among the blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

O we laid us down on yon hill-side,
 So warm and funny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove,
 To feed among the bloomy heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

Now whilst we laid she sung a long,
 Her echo rung a mile or farther,
 Her tune was bonny, her song was this,
 Out o'er the moor among the heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

O may her choice be fixt on me,
 I dare not think of any other,
 Diana's self was ne'er so fair,
 As the bonny Lads among the heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

Said I my charming bonny Lads,
 Let thee and I now wed together,
 And then our time we'll sweetly dafs,
 And feed our flocks among the heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

I kiss'd her lips which were sae sweet,
 Nothing to me was greater pleasure;
 I clasped her to my panting breast,
 And roll'd her o'er the blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

Then we approached Hymen's shrine,
 Where he join'd heart and hand together
 And now we leave the cheerful nine,
 To feed our flocks on blooming heather
 O'er the moor, &c.

Can you to the Battle

CAN you to the battle march away,
 And leave me here complaining,
 I am sure 'twill break my heart to stay,
 When you are gone campaigning.
 Cho. Ah! no, ah! no, poor Maudlin,
 Will never quit her royer,
 Ah! no, ah! no, poor Maudlin,

Will go with you all the world over.
 Cheer my love, you shall not grieve,
 A soldier true you'll find me,
 I could not have the heart to leave
 My little girl behind me,
 Can you to the battle go,
 To woman's fear a stranger?
 No fears my breast shall ever know
 But when my love's in danger.
 Then let the world jog as it will,
 Let all our friends forsake us,
 We both shall be as happy still
 As love and war can make us.

Lillies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry song and jocund tales
 I've past some pleasant hours;
 Tho' wand'ring thus ne'er could I find
 A girl like blithsome Sally,
 Who picks and calls, and cries aloud,
 Sweet lillies of the valley.
 From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nesting of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social; gay, and free;
 Yet tho' the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 Sweet lillies of the valley.

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd,
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting of my country's foes,
 To plough my country's soil;
 I care not who with either please,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph who cries,
 Sweet lilies of the valley,

The Honours of War.

HOW should a soldier spend his hours
 In war, in arms, in battle,
 None but a fool consumes his powers,
 In doubt, in fears, and prattle;
 Mars, in despite of danger's frown,
 Is lively, brisk, and jolly,
 Bind but his brows with a laurel crown,
 And he ne'er grows melancholy.

F I N I S.



